# The Coming Day.

DECEMBER, 1895.

## A FRESH START.

I WISH to ask the attention of old friends and new to an important change which will date from next month. The *Coming Day* will be printed in an entirely new form, as handy and as readable as it will be novel. We send a large proportion of each number through the post, and have often regretted the inevitable crushing of the page in folding. This will no longer be necessary. Henceforth the *Coming Day* will be laid before each subscriber as it leaves the printer's office. The number of pages will be doubled, but the price will remain the same.

Is it too much to ask from those who approve of my campaign that they will send on supplies? The *Coming Day* gives me continuous work, and never pays me anything; but the flow of approval is as continuous as the work,—and as steadily forthcoming as the deficit at the end of the year. I only ask for such help as can easily be given by all. Will every one who takes one copy take two, and endeavour to make our venture known? That is the whole of it. I know the publication is doing good, and naturally hold that they who look on and agree might, at any rate, do a little to back it up.

J. PAGE HOPPS.

## AN ADVENT SERMON FOR THE STREETS.

A MERRIE Christmas! Yet, but, amid all the mirth and song and adorning of Christmas-time, is there not some danger of forgetting the founder of the feast? Christmas without Christ would be as hollow as a wedding without a bride; but are we not very much in danger of such an absurdity? How much of Christ is there in our carousing and gluttonous Christmas?—in the Christmas of the butchers' shops, the public-houses, the pantomimes and the Christmas annuals? It certainly does seem a queer way of keeping the birth-day of one who was born in a manger, who slept on the hill side, and who was crucified on a cross. And it is not enough to say that we have him in the church, in carol, and in creed.

No; we want a Christ who shall be much nearer to us than that, a Christ who shall not be tabooed by 'the secular press,' a Christ who can be naturally associated with common things without seeming profanity, a Christ for the workhouse, the police court, the town hall, the House of Commons. Why not? Are we talking nonsense when we talk about 'the kingdoms of this world becoming the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ'?

There is a tremendous transformation going on in all the churches which will soon reach the world, and influence everything. The old ecclesiastical notion of the Incarnation is being transformed into a living fact, and will very soon mean simply the manifestation in humanity of the Almighty unseen Power. That will be something like an incarnation, and it will be revolutionary, for when we understand it, believe it, and act up to it, it will mean human brotherhood 'with a vengeance'; and it will mean more than that; it will mean that the old pauper is, in his way, and in his degree, a manifestation, yes, an incarnation of God, and that all of us are one and brethren. It will mean more; it will mean that the wondrous Being we call God is the throbbing, struggling, upsoaring life of everything.

In Nature's lowest forms,
As highest, God's love warms
And thrills the universe.
In love all being stirs—
The savage beast's low cry,
The poet's melody,
Are one, when once is shewn
God's life in Nature's own.
From sea-worlds up to suns,
One loving purpose runs.
Seas roll, worlds swing, stars shine
By the same love divine
That thrills my life and thine.

That is not creedal theology; it is science, sociology, humanitarianism. It is the secret of the present-day revolution which at this moment swirls and surges around us. It will smite with atrophy the earth's tyrannies; it will smash the selfishnesses of the world 'like a potter's vessel'; it will give us a new political economy which will take into account something that will not match with the ceaseless cheapening of flesh and blood, and the devil's race which has for its object the getting all we can, and the keeping all we can get.

There was truth as well as bitterness in that fierce song of Francis Adams, beginning

Where is poor Jesus gone?
He sits with Dives now.

And there was even deeper truth in his fierce outburst 'To the Christians,' with its passionate cry,

We want the carpenter's son,
With his saw and hod.

We want the man who loved
The poor and oppressed.

But that, again, would be a kind of cant if we did not mean to face the bringing Christ into the common arena, and applying his spirit, his teachings and his ideals to the rough push and pull of the streets. Tremendous changes must come ere 'the brotherhood of man' can be anything but a cant cry or a dream; but who will dare to despair, with even Darwinism alone, or Herbert Spencer as our teacher? Why should we limit the possibility of this mighty march on? Why should we doubt the ultimate emancipation of the race from its survivals of the brute,—the cruelty and the selfishness we have inherited from the lower stages of our development? Having risen thus far above the tiger and the ape, why should we not go on to humanity's all-perfect day?

# THE ALLEGED PREDICTIONS OF CHRIST IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

## A CHRISTMAS CARD.

Mr. W. E. Mallone, a very alert Unitarian minister at Tunbridge Wells, has been fighting a good fight against a brood of obscurantists in that pretty but churchy town. From one of his letters we take the following reference to the absurdly misapplied passage in Isaiah vii. Certain of his assailants had denied that the child to be given for a sign was a child then or about to be born, and that if the child were not born of a veritable virgin it would be no sign. The answer is:—

It is the child who is the sign, and not the manner of his birth. Look at chapter viii., verse 18, the prophet exclaims, 'Behold, I and the children the Lord hath given me are for signs and for wonders in Israel from the Lord of Hosts.' How do . . . and . . . explain that verse consistently with their view that only something miraculous can be a 'sign'? And what do they make of the statement in chapter vii., 15, 16, that the child shall 'eat butter and honey that he may know how to refuse the evil and choose the good'; and that 'before the child shall know how to do that, the land the young king Ahaz abhors shall be forsaken of both her kings'? As I read the life of Christ, it does not appear to me that he got much honey, or butter either; but the child promised in Isaiah vii., 14, is to have 'abundance of the best food' that we are told is the meaning of the phrase, 'butter and honey.' It is generally admitted that the land which the king abhors (v. 16) is the whole country of Israel ('Ephraim') and Syria. The two kings are he of Samaria, 'Pekah,' and 'Rezin' of Syria. These two formed an offensive and defensive alliance. They besieged Jerusalem with their allied forces; but Ahaz, the very king of Jerusalem to whom Isaiah gave the sign, secured an alliance with the powerful King of Assyria, who soon compelled the allies to raise the siege by attacking Pekah's own dominions, a good part of which he wrested from him, carrying away the inhabitants into captivity (see 2 Kings, xv., 37, and xvi., 5, 7). It was then that the prediction in Isaiah vii., 15, 16, was fulfilled, that is, before the 'child' had come to years of discretion.

These same critics also cited the names given to the wondrous child of chapter ix. as proofs of his deity. To which Mr. Mallone replies:—

The name of the prophet means in Hebrew 'Salvation of Jehovah'; Abner, 'Father of Light'; Abijam, 'Father of the Sea'; 'Adonijah,' one of David's sons, whom Solomon so basely put to death, is the most striking instance of all. It means 'Jehovah the Lord.' It is formed of two of the most sacred names of God, 'Adonai" and 'Jah,' or 'Jehovah.' 'El Gibbor,' translated 'Mighty God' in Isaiah ix., 6, is not so imposing a name as 'Adonijah.

The names given in chapter ix. no more indicate deity than these. They are poetic and patriotic, and savour more of the poet laureate of the day than the prophet of distant ages.

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# INCARNATIONS OF GOD.

Mr. B. O'Dowd, B.A., in *This World and the Next*, gives us, with a fine reminiscence of Walt Whitman, the following spirited exposition of the present-day unfolding of the thought of God:—

I shall with all reverence picture the flowing of the streams of the Great Unknown, toward which we all yearn, into the recesses of Humanity's heart, the radiating of its warmth into cold human frames.

As I think of Its great manifestations, of Its innumerable incarnations, of Its marvellous welding of all into one, of Its possibilities, of Its fructifying influence on all that is best in man's nature and animal's nature, and even in inorganic nature; as I think of It, I seem to know that I am of It; My human limitations seem to leave me; I lave in Its immensity; I am for the moment as it is, the origin, the vivifier and the goal of all that was, and is, and is to be. I breathe on chaos and then I am Evolution. I see My worlds' inhabitants yearning for what they call the good, yearning for the Unknown, which for the moment I am, and they are better men and women since they do. I walk the dales and plains of early earth and strive to let the puny-minded inhabitants recognise the Unknown that a mysterious inner voice has been whispering of. I change Myself into innumerable forms, to bring knowledge of Me to the humblest and the noblest :—a stone by the wayside, a coral round the neck, a fish in the river, a serpent in the sand, a bull in the pasture, a thunderbolt from the blue.

I dwell in all these at various times, or the same time, and gradually mould by fear or by love, by trial or by indulgence, the image of Myself, which is called Conscience, in the mind of every man. The wise men of later days call Me Fetich or Idol or Amulet or Charm or Scarabæus or Cromlech, but the Unknown I was to the young world, and I am yet the Unknown to the wisest of the wise of the later days. So the seed of the good that I planted then prospered, and with the advancing mind of men I threw off the old garbs for the brighter of them, retaining them for the feebler, who loved them best. I taught them of immortality by means of death; I became the parents they thought were dead, and was revered by the children, and so taught them reverence that was not wholly fear; I became the Ancestor of races of them, and they worshiped Me and were good men when they thought of Me. And so they grew in mind and grew in good until they asked of themselves what the surrounding world meant, what they were, whence they came, and whither they went, and why was it so.

Then I spread Myself throughout nature, and they recognised Me there, and worshiped me, and made priesthoods of their wisest to learn more of Me and to learn to obey Me. As the wants of men demanded, as their peculiar needs showed themselves, as their varieties of development needed, My multiform nature manifested Itself. I was Jahveh to the shepherd of Mesopotamia or the serf of Egypt; I was Brahm to the lofty-minded and contemplative Hindoo; I was Isis, or Osiris, or Thoth, or Apis, or even Pasht to Memphis or Thebes; I did not dis-

dain the crocodile for a dwelling place, or the ibis, or the beetle; I was a series of Triads in Egypt, a Trimurti in India, a Trinity in Syria; I was a god of horrors, where horrors were the discipline My seekers needed, a Moloch, a Mexican war god, a Thali, a Fury, an Ahriman, a Satan. And I came to beautiful Greece and walked with its people and dwelt in its trees, its hills and its fountains, tended its herds as Apollo, and was patron of its thieves as Hermes. And how their wonderful love of nature quickened with My advent! I was of them, a Bacchus with their wine; I loved their Ariadnes and danced with their Bacchantes; I was Faun or Satyr or Pan or Zeus to their lovesick maidens, and godlike heroes and wonderful women sprang from our unions. And their beautiful youths saw Me and loved Me as Aphrodite, or Ceres the goddess of corn, or Calypso, or Thetis the nymph of the sea, or rosy-fingered Aurora, or Circe the sorceress, and made Me the joyous mother goddess of stalwart and beautiful races of men. They looked on the ocean and saw Me as Posidon, then on the sun and saw Me as Phœbus, then on the throne of the wonderful under-world, where they knew Me as Hades, then at the marriage procession and feastings, where they hailed Me as Hymen, and then as the master and mistress of cause and effect where they bowed to Me as Fate. They heard Me in the storm and called Me Boreas; they felt Me in their art and said it is 'the Muses;' they knew Me in their wise men and called Me Athena. And while they believed in Me they were as gods themselves, and the fruitage of their belief not unproductive in the good that was yet to were Socrates and Plato and Aristotle. But their needs changed, and just as their wisest were erecting temples 'to the Unknown God,' which I was, the Apostle of the Great White God which I had become in Palestine came to them, and swept away the worship which had ceased to be worship.

And, as in Greece, so in all lands, according to the wants of the people, I was their god and interceder, or their gods of the stream, the hill, and the sea, their fairies, or their brownies, or their gnomes, their sylphs, salamanders, or undines, their Thors, Odins or Valkyries, their Manitos, their Allahs, their Buddhas, or their Christs. And as their Christ, where they need the discipline, I give them ceremonies gorgeous in colour, in buildings divinely designed, or I help them at their prayer meetings in unsightly halls, in stately pomp of ritualistic services, in tent of the Brethren without music or priest, or around the red flag, I am present with the street corner crowd when the big drum awakens the sleeping conscience of some poor sinner. I am with the nuns in their convents, with the sisters in their hospital walks, with the Mormon in his Salt Lake temple, with the Jew in his synagogue, refraining from music for ages till he meets Me again in our holy temple in Jerusalem. Nay, where the flames of the Inquisition were burning, I was with the martyr in the fire, and with the zealot who was fanning the flames. Each was doing his best to justify his life, each was impelled by his duty to the Unknown, each was travelling his own road, and the right road for Him, to Me. Nor think that the atheist or sceptic know Me not. I am to the one the Justice he calls for, though he cannot tell why. I am to the other the Truth he is anxious for, for no reasons he can assign. I permeate all, inspire all, am the mystery of all, the Key of the locked doors, and the reconciler of all the contradictions. The Unknown it is to which all these are tending, and for reasons and by ways known only to the Unknown.

# HOLIDAY GLIMPSES.

## SOME CONTINENTAL ILLUSIONS.

Is it not almost time to revise our conventional guide-book gush concerning the old towns of the Continent? There is, of course, still much to be seen that is extremely interesting, and much yet to be unearthed—and spoiled; but the glory has departed from most of the places about which our fathers honestly raved. Huge railway stations, made necessary in consequence of the growth of traffic, tramway cars, the rise or development

of manufactures, the clearing of river fronts and sweeping away of acres of old houses, the overflowing beyond the old walls, the introduction of modern hotels and modern shops, have all helped to doom places that were once a harmony of old-world beauty. The quaint delights are now painfully jostled by endless incongruities, and what was once delightful is now often really rather pathetic and distressing. What is it to see a solitary, ancient house surrounded by cheap modern neighbours, or a bit of an old city moat and wall, or a belated tower, or a dirty old church, now out of harmony and out of place,—its surroundings, its meaning and its pure colour gone? The joy of the old city was its harmony, its isolation, its dreamy peace. But this mixture of Rome and Regent Street, of Nurnberg and Nottingham, of Treves and Tottenham Court Road, is apt to make one only miserable.

We remember well our first visit to Nurnberg, that old paradise of painters and poets, towers and fountains, churches and dolls. Describing our route to a friend, and saying, 'And then we shall have a quiet Sunday at Nurnberg,' he replied, 'But it is always quiet there.' Fond old orthodox delusion! When we arrived at the railway station, we thought for a moment we had reached Clapham Junction. The vastness, the steps, the confusion, the crowd, were cruelly disillusioning. And the noise! Sunday no exception, culminating with drinking saloons, and grand opera, with five thousand spectators! The walls and moat are fast going. Looking over a friend's photographs lately, he said of a delightful view of a portion of the old walls and moat at Nurnberg, 'Yes, and it is valuable, because that view will never be seen again. It is all gone, to make room for ——,' but we did not care to hear the details.

Or take peaceful old Treves. Here is a guide book, not exactly this year's, but a very recent one. The writer says:—'The not too tired traveller will find it pleasant after supper to stroll into the market place. Treves goes early to bed, and only his own and an occasional footstep and the plash of the fountain break the quiet. . . . . The market place is astir early. Women, in prim white caps, are coming with jugs and pails to the fountain, which has all night been plashing a cool lullaby to the sleepers in the Rothes Haus.'

We lately stayed a day and a night at this same Rothes Haus. What did we find? A market place the highway for every imaginable kind of modern traffic, including two lines of tramway. This 'early to bed' place was a horror of rattle, jumble, clatter and bell-ringing till past midnight. Then, at half past five, an insolent bell tried to bang us out of bed into church, and when we got rid of it, and began to hope, another bell started at half past six, and then all was over; the rattle and jumble, clatter and bell-ringing began all over again. For quiet we prefer Charing Cross.

Or try Antwerp. Much is there that is still a wonder and a joy; but old Antwerp is not there. The glorious old river side has vanished; it is now a long stretch of modern wharves, rough offices, common-place shops, jarring tramway cars, everlasting dirt and never-ending stinks.

No; we are afraid the show is nearly played out. The old buildings, the fountains, the quaint gables, the ruins, the ancient churches, all needed the repose of the old life, and the harmony of the dreamy streets. Now, the incongruity is distracting and dreadful. We know of only one place where the old and the new bravely blend;—Amsterdam, one of the most interesting places in Europe. But if we want the old only, we must go behind the scenes, decline the conventional gush of the guide-books, and find out places for ourselves.

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# IS THE BIBLE 'INERRANT'?*

TAKING all things into account, this is perhaps the most irrational (but respectable) bit of writing we have ever seen, rampant with the sheerest assertion, and reeking with unreason.

It has been sent to us to convince us of our errors, but it has only succeeded in making

* 'The Inerrant Bible.' By J. H. Brookes. Chicago: The Gospel Publishing Co.

us wonder how any human creature could have had sufficient folly to write it. The opening statement is simply monumental in its ignorance: 'If even one error can be discovered in the original manuscripts, that one error will disprove its supernatural origin.' That reminds us of the lovely simplicity of the Scotch elder, who said: 'Why is there all this disturbance about what the Bible says? Why don't they go and look at the original?' The poor man probably thought it was kept in London at the British Museum! But, barring this absurdity about 'the original manuscript,' we agree with the inference. This writer is only a representative of a class when he says, 'If contradictions or falsehoods, errors or mistakes, can be found in the Bible, it is foolish to claim that the book is from God.' He might just as well say, 'If blight or beastliness can be found in Nature, it is foolish to say that Nature is from God.' Somehow God has a singular habit of letting things make themselves, as Charles Kingsley put it, and somehow also God is in blight and beastliness. We do not quite know how, or we are not quite able to say how, but it must be so, or else we shut out God from a good half of created things. Why, then, should these people knock the Bible out of our hands if we discriminate? Has it never occurred to them that we shall begin to rightly enjoy and rightly use when we begin to discriminate?

We will quote only one other specimen of foolishness. The writer says: 'The manuscripts have been ransacked and subjected to microscopic examinations, and in not a single instance has a difference of reading been discovered that in the least affects a fundamental doctrine or essential truth.'

'Difference of reading'! Why, whole passages have been proved to be not only instances of divergence but of positive forgery, as witness I. John v., 7., and see the official Revised Version for dozens of specimens of washed-out 'proof texts.' But that is a very minor point. The vital point is that the Bible is notoriously one of the most inconsistent books in the world, and notably in the supreme matter of its 'revelation' of the good God, who (as Jehovah), in hundreds of places, is represented as lower in moral tone than the worst man we have ever known—arbitrary, cruel, unjust, and obscene (see, for instance, the passages cited on page 147).

Do we then 'blaspheme,' as though we said that God is arbitrary, cruel, unjust and obscene? The very reverse. We are only resenting other people's injurious imputations, and defending Him against the slanders of His friends.

The fatal error of this writer is that he takes for granted the opinion of past believers or of the known or unknown writers of certain parts of the Bible, and then sets up that opinion as God's claim for 'His Book.' Mr. Brookes says: 'The question, however, is not about translations and copies, but about the writings as they came from the hands of the men God selected to communicate His revealed will. That he *could* have kept them from error will be conceded by all; that He *did* is established by their own individual testimony. If they are worthy of belief upon any subject, surely they are competent witnesses touching the extent of their own inspiration.' We do not think so. Even in this nineteenth century and in enlightened London we have known people who firmly and honestly believed that certain automatic writings of theirs were inspired by high spirits with authority, and some of these were only one remove from 'Thus saith the Lord.' Of this, or some like phrase, Mr. Brookes says: 'In the second division, now commonly called the historical books, the same expressions, "The Lord saith," "The Lord spake, saying," "Thus saith the Lord," "The word of the Lord came," occur more than 200 times, nor can any other meaning be put upon them than this: that they were the actual utterances of the Lord, unless we conclude that the writers were guilty of wilful hypocrisy and misrepresentation and fraud.' But this by no means follows. Take a case,—the fourth chapter of the Book of Ezekiel, all of which is put down as coming directly from 'the Lord.' The probability is that this obscene rubbish did come from some queer spirit (and we have seen rubbish come like it), but poor Ezekiel made a huge mistake in attributing it to 'the Lord,' unless, indeed, 'the Lord' was a very inferior kind of spirit. Or perhaps, on that occasion, some low creature slipped in. That explanation excludes 'hypocrisy and misrepresentation and fraud,' and only convicts Ezekiel of want of discrimination, humour, and good sense.

In parting from Mr. Brookes, we would ask

him and the like of him to answer this, which we extract from an outspoken paper:

'PUNISHED FOR OBEYING THE BIBLE.—Michael Clearly, near Clonmel, Ireland, has been convicted of manslaughter for observing the divine command, "Thou shalt not allow a witch to live." The poor wretch must now suffer a long term of imprisonment for exorcising the evil spirit out of his wife by holding her over a fire until she was severely burned, then throwing her down, stripping her of clothing, pouring kerosene over her, and firing it, when she was burned to death, in the presence of several of her relatives, who were aiding and abetting in enforcing the holy injunction.'

What is the use of an infallible Bible and heavenly commands if they who observe them must pay the penalty for their actions like common sinners.

# THE UNSEEN.

*The Harbinger of Light* quotes the following notable passage from the writings of Count Adolphe de Schack:—

To anyone who reflects, the thought must inevitably and irresistibly present itself, *that we are surrounded by things and by beings whom we cannot discern*, because our organs are not adapted to these things and beings, which are thus withdrawn from our senses, either by their specific qualities or by the conditions of space in which they find themselves. That all things are relative in space, as well as in time, without the essence of things being in any way affected, is well known. But still more relative is the concept of corporeity. There are vapours so subtile as to be undistinguishable except by the acutest vision, and these remain unseen by all other persons; now, if we diminish the density of these ever so slightly they will elude the most delicate sense of sight. Do they therefore cease to be corporeal? May there not, therefore, be given to us moments of great excitement, in which our senses are sufficiently sharpened to enable us to see forms and to hear sounds to which, in ordinary life, our senses are shut? I firmly maintain that some animals see objects and hear sounds which man in his usual state is blind and deaf to. The eye of these must be different from ours. Dogs, for example. Any one who observes them will note how often, and especially at night-fall, they will suddenly stop in fear, and peer into space, as if perceiving objects which escape our vision. And so, too, with the horse. In my numerous journeys, I have observed, on a thousand occasions, he would not only start restively at objects invisible to me, but would retract his head and prick his ears and listen attentively to sounds, without doubt, which were inaccessible to my ears. From all which it appears manifest to me that *we are at all times surrounded by a crowd of beings ordinarily invisible to our own eyes*. And who can say what may be the existences they lead? Perhaps they are inhabitants of the earth who, having passed away from it, and been divested by death of their coarse bodies, are now clothed upon with a lighter garment; perhaps, even, they are beings who have not come from our planet; or, what is still more probable, they comprise both those and these. I have always been gladdened and comforted by the thought that the barrier which separates us from this hyperphysical and circumambient world may not be insurmountable, and that we may communicate in spirit with its inhabitants.

Of Count Adolphe de Schack, *The Harbinger of Light* says: 'Educated at Bonn, Heidelberg and Berlin, he travelled, on quitting the latter university, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Syria, Turkey and Spain, in company with the Grand Duke of Mecklenbourg. He became a profound Orientalist, pursued a diplomatic career for some years, and was Secretary of legation in Italy and

Constantinople. Then he repaired to Spain, for the purpose of studying Moorish antiquities, and was elected a member of the Academies at Madrid and Granada. He translated many Persian, Hindu and Spanish works into German, wrote numerous poems and dramas, and was an excellent musician and a brilliant pianist.

## NOTES BY THE WAY

THE LONDON MEETINGS.—We were very unfortunate with two of our evenings, which left behind them the sensations of a small campaign, the forces against us being dirt, drizzle, and wind. But there were in all about 900 attendances at the three meetings, and such eager, interested listeners and worshipers! Any how, we have done our best for this venture, and we must leave results. We may safely conclude that it must be a blessed thing for so many like-minded strangers to meet together under the inspiration and guidance of Our Father's Church.

A DEMOCRATIC PRINCESS.—In the pleasant public room of Le Strange Hotel, Hunstanton, there hangs a modest frame, enclosing a piece of paper cut out of the visitors' book. On this piece of paper these words appear:—'April 30th, 1888. Mrs. Wales and family of three daughters enjoyed their stay here at Hotel Le Strange very much, and they regret extremely not being able to prolong it this season.' 'Mrs. Wales' is the Princess of Wales, whose home at Sandringham is a few miles from Hunstanton. The little entry looks like a commercial traveller's joke, but the good landlady assured us that the entry was made by the Princess. We are very glad to hear it, but confess to as much surprise. That our future Queen should chaff herself and her titles in this democratic way is very interesting and refreshing.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.—Scene: A Sunday-school. Johnnie: 'I say, Miss Jones, I know now why you didn't want me to rob birds' nests last spring.' Miss Jones (with an oriole in her hat): 'Why was it, Johnnie?' Johnnie. (gazing with admiring eyes at the hat): ''Cause you wanted the birds to grow big enough to wear 'em.'

THE POPULATION AND RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.—The *Deutsche Kirchenzeitung* of Berlin has compiled, on the basis of the latest scientific sources accessible, the following suggestive tables. The population of the earth is estimated at about fifteen hundred millions, distributed as follows:

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|---|---|
| Europe .. .. .. | 381,200,000 |
| Africa .. .. .. | 127,000,000 |
| Asia .. .. .. .. | 854,000,000 |
| Australia .. .. .. | 4,730,000 |
| America .. .. .. | 133,670,000 |
| Total .. .. | 1,500,600,000 |

The leading religions are represented by the following figures:

| | |
|---|---|
| Protestant Christians .. | 200,000,000 |
| Roman Catholic Christians | 195,600,000 |
| Greek Catholic Christians | 105,000,000 |
| Total Christians | 500,600,000 |
| Jews .. .. .. .. | 8,000,000 |
| Mohammedan .. .. | 180,000,000 |
| Heathens .. .. .. | 812,000,000 |
| Total non-Christians .. | 1,000,000,000 |

According to these data, only one-third of the population of the earth is Christian—after a fashion!

IN Mr. Holyoake's Autobiography the following is quoted as an Arab proverb:—

Men are four.

He who knows not and knows not he knows not. He is a fool; shun him.

He who knows not and knows he knows not. He is simple; teach him.

He who knows and knows not he knows. He is asleep; wake him.

He who knows and knows that he knows, He is wise; follow him.

# NOTES ON BOOKS.

'Pauline theology; or the doctrine of immortality in Christ only, and of death as the destiny of the wicked, as taught in the Epistles of Paul the Apostle.' By H. L. Hastings. London: E. Stock. A dismal and aggravating work, sufficiently indicated by its title. The whole theory is grotesque, arbitrary, and abominably unjust; but it is extracted from 'The word of God'—just as anything else may be; and, on the very first page, the writer warns us that he will pin us down to that. 'God understands this matter,' he says: 'The mighty God hath spoken,' and 'To this Record we turn.' What we mean by 'aggravating' is the assumption that God can speak in a book and not in a conscience; in an Oriental text and not in a product of Western civilisation; in the Bible and not in the human race.

As regards the theory itself, we know not whether to be more shocked at its atrocity than vexed with its artificiality. Mr. Hastings goes the whole length, and insists upon it that 'the finally impenitent and ungodly' will be destroyed with fire. Has it ever occurred to him to ask why 'finally impenitent and ungodly' should mean the absence of belief in Christ? or why 'finally' should mean after the short experiment of life here? It is monstrous to make the tremendous issues of eternity turn upon the million accidents of time. This work has, however, just one use. It stamps upon the infernal notion of endless punishments; and, for that, its sins can be forgiven.

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'The Lyceum Banner.' London: J. J. Morse. A penny Spiritualist monthly for children. Rather crude, but entirely wholesome, practical, enlightening.

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# LOWELL LINES.

1.—Oh, prophesy no more the Maker's coming,
Say not His onward footsteps thou canst hear
In the dim void, like to the awful humming
Of the great wings of some new-lighted sphere!
Oh, prophesy no more, but be the Poet.

*Ode.*

2.—Do all in place, and all is then aright,
Stars shun the day, but beautify the night.

*Letters.*

3.—Here am I, for what end God knows, not I.

*Columbus.*

4.—Where doubt's eddies toss and twirl
Faith's slender shallop, till her footing reel,
Plunge: if you find not peace beneath the whirl,
Groping, you may, like Omar, grasp a pearl.

*In a copy of Omar Khayyán.*

5.—Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

*The Present Crisis.*

6.—It is the life of the soul which gives all of its value to that of the body.

*Massinger and Ford.*

7.—Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought.
For there's no virgin-fort but self-respect,
And truth defensive hath laid hold on God.

*The Cathedral.*

8.— See
Good lying hid, from all eternity,
Within the teeming womb of sin and crime.

*Sonnets.*

9.—There are three short and simple words, the hardest of all to pronounce in any language, but which no man or nation that cannot utter can claim to have arrived at manhood. Those words are, *I was wrong.*

*Biglow Papers.*

10.—Who makes his kind of happier mind,
Leaves wiser men and better.

*At the Burns Centennial.*

11.—In the loom of time, tho' the woof be divinely foreordained, yet man supplies the weft, and the figures of the endless web are

shaped and colored by our own wisdom or folly.
*The Rebellion.*

12.—In all beauty, who listens with love
Hears these words oft repeated—' beyond and above.'
*Fable for Critics.*

13.—The serf of his own past is not a man.
*The Pioneer.*

14.—No mortal ever dreams
That the scant isthmus he encamps upon
Between two oceans, one, the Stormy, passed,
And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture on,
Has been that future whereto prophets yearned
For the fulfilment of earth's cheated hope,
Shall be that part which nerveless poets moan
As the lost opportunity of song.
*The Cathedral.*

15.—The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weathers is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience.
*Abraham Lincoln.*

16.—All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.
*Essay on Rousseau.*

17.—In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained; know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
'I find thee worthy; do this deed for me'?
*Epigrams.*

18.—Would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realise our longing.
*Longing.*

19.—Compromise makes a good umbrella but a poor roof.
*Democracy.*

20.— All prosperity,
Whose bases stretch not deeper than the sense,
Is but a trick of this world's atmosphere,
A desert-born mirage of spire and dome.
*The Cathedral.*

21.— One poor day!
Remember whose and not how short it is!
It is God's day. *Columbus.*

22.—Oh, prophesy no more to-morrow's splendor,
Be no more shamefaced to speak out for truth,
Lay on her altar all the gushings tender,
The hope, the fire, the loving faith of youth.
*Ode.*

23.—The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.
*Abraham Lincoln.*

24.—Death is a private tutor. We have no fellow-scholars, and must lay our lessons to heart alone.
*Letters.*

25.—They who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'
*Christmas Carol.*

26.—The man who gives his life for a principle has done more for his kind than he who discovers a new metal or names a new gas.
*Essay on Dante.*

27.—That love for one, from which there doth not spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing.
*Sonnets.*

28.—Death ever fronts the wise;
Not fearfully, but with clear promises of larger life.
*Prometheus.*

29.—A good life behind him is the best thing to keep an old man's shoulders from shivering at every breath of sorrow or ill-fortune.
*Biglow Papers.*

30.—Arouse! let thy soul break in music-thunder,
Let loose the ocean that is in thee pent,
Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy love, thy wonder,
And tell the age what all its signs have meant.
*Ode.*

31.—We have Eternity given us in the lump, can't believe in such luck, and cut it up into mouthfuls as if it wouldn't go round among so many.
*Letters.*

# TO CHRIST; AT CHRISTMAS.

This poem appeared in *The Inquirer* last Christmas. Some wish it preserved in *The Coming Day*.

WHERE art thou, brother? Long have we lost thee.
Gone the pure presence, dimmed by adorers.
Where art thou, brother,—lover of children,
Friend of poor women, toucher of lepers;—
Where art thou, brother? Who understands?

All the world wants thee,—all the poor strugglers,
Fighters for justice, lovers of mercy,
Ruler and subject, master and servant,
Buyer and seller, children and mother.
Come and explain us,—lover of all!

Who was it said it—'One with the Father'?
Who but our brother, one with his brethren,—
Leading them gently, out of the darkness,
Forth from night's terror, into the day-dawn?
Who but thyself, strong Jesus, our guide?

Surely God gave thee, babe of the stable,
Born with the oxen, hid in the manger!
Surely God gave thee, homeless wayfarer,
Laughed at by worldlings, hustled by scorners,
Murdered by folly—king over all!

Lonely thy journey; no one could help thee;
Standing apart there; nought to commend thee.
Poor and defenceless, homeless, a wanderer,
Tramping the desert of man's unbelieving;
Rich man's rebuker; Poverty's friend!

Millions now bless thee. Wonderful temples,
Priesthoods and splendours, carol and garland,
Painters and poets, voice for the people
Torrents of praises, rivers of gladness.
What art thou thinking—carpenter's son?

Art thou still saying:—'Father, forgive them!
These also know not what they are doing;
Offering me homage; thinking they mean it.
Creeds and confessions put me far from them;
Garlands may hide me; tinsel may dim'?

Bring us together, heavenly uniter!
Out from the shadows, born of our sinning,
Out from our prisons, where we adore thee,
Into the open, working together.
Break down our barriers! Conquer our pride!

Ah! Now we see thee. Art thou not standing
There, far before us,—there, in the sunrise?
Lifting our faces, lo, we press onward.
Ah! but, between us, rolls the dark river.
In the deep waters, brother, be near!

J. P. H.